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magic art, but never have seen greater cause for admiration of skill in such deceptions than Mr. Hartz affords to his public.

His plain, unpretending manner and concise yet intelligible preface to each movement in his art, wins for him that confidence and full estimation, which illusionary proceedings eminently require for the artist's success, not merely in performance, but in attracting the public he desires to charm.

We need scarcely to note specifically his varied programme of magical effects, yet one is so remarkable, both for its clever execution and the intense perplexity to account for it, which has been produced by his show of the bell trick, as to make special allusion to that particular evidence of his skill, not a superfluity for those who have not witnessed its adroit achievement.

We deem Mr. Hartz's performance both pleasing and instructive, and notice, with gratification, therefore, his evident popularity with New York's amusement seeking public.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

What a fund of quiet humor and tender pathos there is in Jefferson's personation of Caleb Plummer! How fully he realises the broken down, broken hearted, yet still cheery old toy maker, and with what rare power he invests him with an irresistible drollery, through which, here and there, bursts bits of genuine pathos which fairly wring the hearts of the beholders! From his first entrance to the fall of the curtain, Mr. Jefferson fully conveys the idea of the part he starts out to represent, the very shabby hat, the careworn, pinched up face, surmounted by a few locks of struggling white hair—in short, the general air of utter misery hiding the warm, stout, cheerful heart underneath, are all admirable, and go to make up the sum total of a thoroughly good representation of Dickens' charming creation—the best we have ever had in this country. One of the greatest beauties in Mr. Jefferson's acting, is the fact that he always realises his parts—he is not a "one character actor"—and when we go to see him as Caleb Plummer, we need not expect to be treated to a version of "Rip Van Winkle," or hear the nasal twang of Asa Trenchard, under the white wig of the old toy maker. Herein lies Mr. Jefferson's great superiority over most of the actors of the present day, who, having identified themselves with one part and made it a speciality, can never divest themselves of this identity, the only change being change of costume.

Mr. Owens, a really great actor in one part, could never entirely get rid of the vulgarity of Solon Shingle, and hence his Caleb Plummer was more a coarse Yankee, than the innately simple, yet refined old man that Dickens drew, and although a personation full of many good points, there was a certain something wanting, and one momentarily expected to hear Caleb degenerate into slang, and make inquiries concerning "that barrill of appel sass." Now, in the whole course of the play Jefferson is Caleb Plummer, and Caleb Plummer only, and you never for one instant can

recognize, in word or action, that this is the man whose droll antics, as Asa Trenchard, you have roared over, or with whom as Rip Van Winkle, you have alternately laughed and wept. This is undoubtedly Mr. Jefferson's best and most highly finished part, despite the fact that "Rip Van Winkle" seems to have caught the popular taste, and why "Dot" should have been withdrawn after the third representation is something almost inexplicable.

One thing that operated considerably against the success of the play, was its undeniably mediocre cast; the truth of the matter is that most of our New York theatre-goers have distinct recollection of so much exquisite acting in this same play of "Dot," that anything not thoroughly good will not satisfy them, and as but few of the Olympic company seem to have caught the true spirit of their parts, it is, after all, a matter of no great surprise that the play should not have succeeded.

Next in point of excellence to Jefferson's Caleb is Stoddard's Tackleton; a thoroughly artistic and repulsively natural representation of a most disagreeable part; he impresses you with the feeling of perpetually wanting to castigate him, and when, at the end of the play, he contritely brings in his offering of toys, you feel more inclined to send him about his business, than to follow the charitable example of Dot; but for all this feeling you are forced at times to applaud, and right heartily—herein lies the success of thorough acting, you forget the actor, he is merged in his part, and you are made to feel his thoughts and passions, while now and then, out of delight if he be a hero, and from sheer disgust if he be a villain, you lavish on him tokens of your admiration of him as a true artist.

Mr. Vandenhoff is all at sea in the character of John Peerybingle, rough, honest John! and gives us but the most meagre outline of what Dickens has made a broad, strong drawing. It is somewhat curious coming from so artistic a family as he does, that Mr. Vandenhoff should be so thoroughly commonplace and inefficient an actor.

Miss Carson played Dot very prettily, but she is physically incapable of conveying any idea of the trim, dainty little woman that we all suppose Dot to have been; hence, although a very charming piece of acting, it failed.

Miss Blanche Gray, a most valuable acquisition to the Olympic company, played Bertha, the blind girl, in a most tender and beautiful manner, eliciting well merited applause for her exquisite rendering of a most difficult part.

Of the other parts charity forbids that I should speak—let them rest in merited oblivion.

This is Mr. Jefferson's last week, and he is to give us "Woodcock's Little Game," and the "Spitfire," with which he closes a successful and much enjoyed engagement.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers opened at the Winter Garden, on Monday evening of last week, in John Brougham's powerful dramatization of "Lady Audley's Secret." Mrs. Bowers has greatly improved since her last appearance before a New York audience, and, at present, may take the leading rank in the school of acting which she so admirably represents. The sensational school, both in acting and everything else, is gaining

ground daily; and this is hardly to be wondered at among such an eminently excitement loving people as we are, hence "Lady Audley's Secret," full of sensation and telling situations, has taken hold of the public mind, and the Winter Garden is crowded nightly with delighted audiences, who, while they involuntarily shiver at the cold blooded villainy of the heroine, still sit wrapt in admiration at the many horrors of the story.

Mrs. Bowers has evidently made the part of Lady Audley the subject of close study, and the result is a most wonderfully real and lifelike personation, full of passionate vehemence and consummate cunning, and we admire the quick wit of the woman, almost sympathizing with her at times, while we cannot but recoil in horror from the innate wickedness of the heartless adventuress. Lady Audley, as an example of fair woman-kind, is not an agreeable subject to contemplate, but, as represented by Mrs. Bowers, she is invested with a passion and dramatic power which has not been equalled since Miss Cushman was wont to horrify the theatre-going mind with the wild vagaries of Meg Merriles.

Mr. J. McCullum is a fair Robert Audley, although far behind L. P. Barrett in the same part; he is, at times, too tame for the shrewd, calculating lawyer, who with indomitable will has set his mind to ferret out the murderer of his friend. This is particularly noticeable in the last scene of the third act, which is greatly marred by his inefficient acting.

Mr. Davidge, who is always good, is particularly so as Luke Marks, a character which could not fit him better had it been written especially for him.

The remainder of the cast is fair, being some improvement on the support afforded Mrs. Lander, while the play is nicely put upon the stage, and will, doubtless, run until the end of Mrs. Bowers engagement.

"Fanchon," the little cricket, is still chirping merrily at the Broadway Theatre, to the evident advantage of Miss Mitchell and Manager Wood. "standing room only," being the nightly announcement in front of the theatre doors. Next week we are to have "Little Barefoot."

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

Many of the artists still linger in their Summer fastnesses and the atmosphere of their studios is as yet unsullied by the odor of paint and the delicate fumes of the Indian weed. In such a state of affairs the duties of an art critic are arduous and discouraging, and in self-defence he is forced to fall back on the public galleries and find in them subject for artistic praise or condemnation. But let us not grumble at the goods the gods provide, for those artists who have returned to the city bring back proofs of the good, earnest Summer work, so with your leave artistic reader I will take your metaphoric arm, and we will make the tour of the studios together.

W. H. Powell has just finished an imposing, equestrian, portrait of General McClellan, which is now hanging in the Governor's Room at the City Hall, and attracting many admirers; it is painted in Mr. Powell's usual strong, vigorous style and well merits the flattering encomiums it